22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

[1902]

My Woman.

Sparroy will come (D.V)
which aunt Henia one too me
meant weather permitting)
tomorrow. Only she doesn't
feel she's indispensable.
I didn't warn my Beloved
about my home- in consequence
Rena would have come
instead, only she's going to
the artistic Martin-
Be affectionate my poor
Reginald Pibrell B:
Sparroy has rooted sympathies Sp:

I half sent you a telegram but
Gerald thought me such a fool.
To you a blessed old — — I Sept 1902
Sept can't thank in any way to begin
1902 because Aunt Maria won't do — So
you'll have to do without. How
could I write to you — what with
feeling as they as I do, & all my
things got packed in the horse box
I was this moment hulling up my
sleeves to paint my floor in a
sudden fit of inspiration when
Vron brought up your letter —
Sept 1902 Lo tell me Katie messages — as
water to me in a desert. I have only
10 minutes to write this in — &
an Aunt & Cousin downstairs. We
came back last night. It was glorious
& glorious in the New Forest. We
went out hunting at 6 one morning
& my boots were like damp brown
paper at the end, so tell me your

mens name. You have made a life long friend of Georgie! What on Earth did you & he say to each other? He is quite brisk & important. Gerald very gloomy.

He passed over Westminster Bridge last night & a man ran in front of his cab horse, & jumped into the river. "I jumped out too, said Gerald, & found myself ready to go after him - I never was so much surprised ~~me~~ in my life. But providentially there was a boat in the distance." He begins the story by saying "I almost earned the Royal Humane Society's medal."

I tell you I hate writing letters, & Adrian stands over me - But do you go & write a long long letter about 6 pages to celebrate the Sabbath I will write another - only I am so cracked to day - & I cant find one of them to write with. Tell us everything you do. Good

Can you screw a set of teeth out of
my dress? as it's I send mast
days having holes bored in me-
it really isn't worth while. 22, HYDE PARK GATE, S.W.
such an expense of temper-

Oct 2nd 1902

My Aunt,

Do be a woman of
honour, & send me your
boot makers name & place
at once. Honestly, I have
only one pair left, & my
naked claws are heard tapping
the pavement - which is so
pathetic. Why the D-
Cant you come up to London?
Then I should be petted again
perhaps, & mine is such a
peculiarly loveable nature
Dont you think so?
I cant think how one wholly
to an intimate friend - how

I called Kitty darling. in a
telegram! a we have never
been on Good terms since.
She wrote a long letter this
morning - but she's freezing
Lord. Leo will be the
death of her.
The Academy began this
morning. Nazza is very
happy. with a live head to
paint, & swan to teach
her. I dont know if he's
much good. The picture
is really fine! rate - & the
leather too, which was rather
like anchovies spread on
bread & butter - or whatever

that pink paste is. I always
get it at teaparties - & then I
have to pocket it. Last night
I went out to dinner all
glowing without - Sally Gourney &c.
but a mass of festering Corruption
within - that is the staining of
a certain undergarment - not the
one one talks about - broke, &
the result was painful - in the
middle of the drawing room too
as I said Good bye. I scattered
gloves fan & handkerchief, &
plucked em all up together. &
ran downstairs clutching my
sheriff under my arm. When I
came home & held them up in
the drawing room, & Georgie was
fearfully pained. But you
have made a new man of him.
He has been so lenient that I

I cant believe improper it
I wanted to.

We have subscribed, &
bought a Pianola! Father
almost weeps over it. &
all his ladies are tender &
reproachfull.

NYPL

I dont get any attention
now. Nessa gets it all.
She has so many intimates.
Be a woman- write &
tell me how all your
ladies & Katie & Beatrice
are. Beatrice wrote
"Dear Vanessa" by Violets
orders"!

Yr loving Sparrow

So remember the Boots -
Tell Cat that you are.
I am training for children - a Curate & 11 Curate first children after of course

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

[Dec 1902]

My child,

Everything seems to be going perfectly well. Percy saw him again this evening & said he could not be better. His temperature normal, & he has no pain or sickness. He may see someone tomorrow if he likes. Percy evidently thinks very little of the operation itself. So I don't think there is any need to worry now. He was quite cheerful, & likes his

room & the nurse.

We are all in mourning
Spirits - playing wedding marches.
Nevertheless, it wasn't cheerful
this morning - first, last
as we got ready to start,
there came a telegram to the
Irish parlourmaid to say her
brother died yesterday - & so
She & her sister, who is the slopper,
started off for Ireland, for
the funeral - which seems a consolation -
& all the kitchen was in tears
from sympathy.

Then it was terrible gloomy
last night, & waiting this
morning in a kind of Dentists
waiting room, & a cold fog
& mere - However,
Sergt a Heathen Song
Taeja tonight
What a world it is!
On the whole though
don't want to creep into my
narrow bed - which is the
grave - this very night.
Have you a real
affection for the Spoonay?
She fold you in her
feathery arms - so that
you may feel the Heart in
her ribs. Rather mixed - but
her emotions are very upsetting -
Yr Spoonay with deep affection

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

1902

My woman,

Father is very well. He had two bad days, this week when they were rather anxious, but the Dr. this morning was delighted & said he had done wonderfully, & may get up on Thursday or Friday. Dwish all goes intensely well & we don't get in such low water I mean the Lytchetts - & dragging the poor Hall Cat down with them.

Christmas is the Devil's own feast - not the other way round, as generally supposed. One when one's young mystery asked me why I hang up my

Slacking on Christmas Eve, if said
it was to celebrate the Crucifixion
(or however you spell it - not
fiction I am sure - but the X
looks so pleasing) we spent a
very mild Christmas day -
here & both forgot it was
Christmas - a sign of age, &
many lost illusions - Violet the
latest. I am sure you can't
be happy in a great strange
house, with brilliant ladies in
diamonds, & no loveable Spaniel
waiting to be attended to -
All that splendour must seem so
hollow without the one true heart -

Georges away - we four have been
playing Bridge all the Evening !!
Not a very good game for the
feeble minded - Nessa is an
authority upon it - She & Adrian
argued over a Bridge book till
they both felt too much to speak.
I went to Two Dances last
week. but I think Providence
inscrutably decreed some other
destiny for me - Adrian & I fell
waltzed (to a Polka !) - &
Adrian says he can't conceive
how anyone can be frolic enough
to find amusement in dancing - &
I see how they do it - but
feel all the really grown Ladies
far removed into another sphere —
which is so pathetic - & I
would give all my profound Greek -

to dance really well - & to
would Adrian give anything he had -
Nessa will talk to me all the
time so this letter is not written to
with that sense & sensibility
which you are asking to me!
Father thanks you a particularly
nice woman & would like to see
you when next in London -
Are you in good working
order - especially as to the
seat of the affections, which is
the heart. Don't let Beatrice
behave too much like a
lady in a novel - with her
Cigarette & diamonds -
There are many very nice people
in the world, but few of whom it
can be said (She has such a
singularly loveable nature)
Spanny is very much attached to you
She blesses you. Spanny